

Grave-Robbing In Gig Harbour (S. Cush)

T'was August fair in gold and green
Saw the tragic death of a beauty queen
Crashed into a bar in a drunken Chevrolet
She was extricated from her tomb
By a broken man from Saskatoon
They'd sworn undying love
They'd be together some fine day
They'd be together some fine day

Spirited away on a sultry morning
There's been Grave-robbing in Gig Harbour
Souls who rest in peace
Are ravaged without warning
There's been Grave-robbing in Gig Harbour

The witness sang before the court supreme
Of the tainted ladies garbed in tangerine
Knowingly they loved the same dead man
Without disorder
He was a Mexicana wet-back by his birth
So they upheaved from the bowels of the earth
To a shallow dusty grave South of the Border
South of the Border (down Mexico way!)

Spirited away on a sultry morning
There's been Grave-robbing in Gig Harbour
Spirits in the west, there'll be no eternal rest
When there's been Grave-robbing in Gig Harbour

The skies are grey, the open tombs are yawning
There's been Grave-robbing in Gig Harbour
This heat makes some folks lazy
Other mad-dog crazy
They'll go Grave-robbing in Gig Harbour